

Selected Story.

The Physician's Marriage.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist, Liszt arrived at Prague, in October, 1845.

The next day after he came his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not, perhaps, have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said—

"I come to you, sir, as a brother.—Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us, but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instructions I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-day I set out for home—penniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty, it is a pleasure. Artists should have a just claim; and if fortune neglect some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Liszt opened a drawer in his writing-case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for money only contained three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There! Why there's scarcely anything."

"I know it, sir, if you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that for a moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me. I have credit, and I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man.

"There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made to me by the Emperor of Austria—his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, after invoking the choicest blessing of heaven on his generous benefactor.

He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, with whose value he was unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and, while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out, and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said; "afterward you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Liszt hastened to the jeweler.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Liszt."

"I do not know any very rich man by that name."

"That may be; but I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician!"

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I desire."

"Then you must be a magician!"

"If you choose I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irrepressible enthusiasm—

" Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wonderful!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweler.

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Selected Miscellany.

SANTA ANNA.

There seems to be a disagreement among authorities as to the fate of Santa Anna. Three days ago report made him dead as his ancestors. Doubts are now expressed as to this, but without anything definite to found them on. As far as probabilities go, Santa Anna has gone the way of all flesh. If not, so much the worse for Mexico.

The career of this noted personage has been as adventurous and romantic as that of any hero in the entire dime novel series, though for the last ten years he has remained comparatively quiet and secluded. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna was born in the Mexican city of Jalapa, about sixty miles from Vera Cruz, in 1798, and was consequently sixty-nine years of age at the time of his execution. His entry into political life took place when he was barely more than twenty years of age. In 1820 he was appointed Governor of Vera Cruz, and the following year became an actor in the revolution which sprang from the Spanish troubles, and which was the occasion of the overthrow of Spanish rule in Mexico. Iturbide, who had been a prominent leader in the interest of Spain, revolted in the Spring of 1826, and proclaimed Mexico to be an independent Government, proposing a new constitution, in which the Roman Catholic religion was declared to be the national creed; all distinctions founded on estate or color were abolished, and the form of Government declared to be constitutional monarchy. The revolution was successful, and on the 18th of May, 1822, Iturbide was proclaimed Emperor under the title of Augustin I. His reign lasted only ten months, when Santa Anna, who had persisted in denying his authority, and had been despoiled from the Governorship of Vera Cruz, made himself master of the situation, and compelled Iturbide to abdicate March 20, 1823. The following year, it being feared that he would make an attempt to regain the throne, he was seized and executed. Santa Anna was, or at least professed to be, in favor of a pure republic, and got up a provisional government. A Congress assembled, and a Constitution similar in general features to that of the United States was promulgated: the country was divided into nineteen States and four Territories; Gen. Victoria was elected President, and Bravo was made Vice-President, each for four years.

All this time Santa Anna remained at the head of the party in power. In 1828, at a new election, he favored the election of General Guerrero for President instead of Pedraza, his opponent, but the latter gaining the election, a plea of fraud was set up, and a bloody revolution followed, the result of which was the overthrow of the Pedraza government the following year. As a reward for his services, Santa Anna was appointed Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army. In payment for this confidence Santa Anna intrigued with Gen. Bustamante for the government, and in 1830 another revolution took place, and Guerrero was deposed, and attempting to regain his position was seized and shot. In 1832, Santa Anna, becoming disaffected with Bustamante, again revolted, this time in favor of his old enemy, Pedraza. The following year he arrived at the summit of his ambition in being made President of the Republic.

In this new position he found but little peace. He was looked upon with suspicion on account of his past record. It was thought that he aimed at the restoration of the Imperial dignity and functions, and would appropriate the church property to pay the national debt. The people disliked him, but the army favored him. He now began to develop his controlling idea of centralization, and used his utmost craft and power to concentrate authority to the executive head of the government. Radical changes were made in the laws; the authority of the Pope over the Mexican Church was abrogated, convents were suppressed, and the compulsory payment of tithes was declared illegal. The disaffection grew, and finally culminated in two dangerous insurrections, which he succeeded in putting down. In 1835 he overthrew the old constitution, converted the States into a "Consolidated Republic," and under the mild title of President became absolute Dictator. The several State Legislatures were abolished, and their places supplied by department councils; the Governors of the States being immediately dependent upon the central authority. Mexico proper, long harassed by factious revolts and exhausted with fruitless wars, seemed glad of even the prospect of quiet, though under such a dictatorship; but in the Department of Texas the tone of public feeling was quite different. A formidable rebellion took place, and Santa Anna at the head of his army, marched, in 1836, into that territory, and massacred the garrisons

of two forts. Proceeding, he met at San Antonio the Texan army under Gen. Sam Houston. The Texans, roused to fury, fell upon the Mexicans like tigers, and Santa Anna not only suffered a crushing defeat, but was himself taken prisoner. Texas now declared her independence, and the United States gave the new Republic recognition. The defeat and capture of Santa Anna was the signal for another overturn in Mexico. Bustamante got hold of the executive office, which he retained for a year. Meantime Santa Anna was liberated, and made a visit to the United States, had a talk with Gen. Jackson, and was honored with transportation to Mexico in a United States vessel of war. He was quite coldly received by his people, and at the Presidential election in 1837, he got only two out of sixty-nine electoral votes.

For several months he remained in seclusion at Vera Cruz, until the bombardment of San Juan de Ulloa by the French, in 1838. He then offered his services, which were accepted. The army rallied around him, and when the French assaulted Vera Cruz, he drove them in disorder back to their ships. In this battle he lost his leg by a cannon ball. From 1841 to 1844 he was Provisional President. In the latter year the Constitutional Government was restored, and he became for nearly four months Constitutional President. He was then overthrown, and sentenced to ten years' banishment. Canizales became President, but held the office only a few weeks, when Herrera became his successor; Herrera held on for a year and was turned out by Parrades, under whose administration occurred the war with the United States. Santa Anna took up his abode in Cuba, so as to be in easy reach of the country that he must have felt would soon invite him to return. In less than two years from the date of his exile, the General was quietly passed through the United States blockade and landed once more on his native soil, and in a few weeks became again President. He took the field at the head of the Mexican army against the United States, and displayed considerable skill and activity in directing military operations; but he was defeated at Buena Vista by General Taylor in February, 1847, and at Cerro Gordo by Gen. Scott in the following April. These disasters to the Mexican army led to his being appointed Dictator, but he was again beaten by Scott at Contreras and Churubusco, and compelled to accept a truce which was followed by the peace that gave Texas to the United States.

Immediately after the close of the war he was again seized by a rival faction and banished for the second time. Four years later he again landed upon Mexican soil, this time by the demand of the people, who believed him better qualified to serve their interests than any other. He was invested with dictatorial powers, and at once adopted energetic measures, dispersing the Congress by military force, and then proceeded to reorganize the army, the finances, and the administration of justice, as well as to revise the Constitution. The Republican party opposed him to the utmost of their power, but with so much success did he carry his measures, that his extraordinary powers were prolonged, and in December, 1853, he was proclaimed Dictator for life. The following year the boundary line between the United States and Mexico was drawn, and so increased were the Mexicans with the action of their Dictator in regard thereto, that he was obliged to flee the country. The triple insurrection followed, of the Indians, the people, and the clergy, which gave Mexico three Presidents—Carranza, Alvarez, and Comonfort—in the short space of six months. On the occupation of Mexico by the French in 1863, Santa Anna obtained permission to return to his country. He arrived at Vera Cruz in February, 1864, after nine years absence from Mexico, and on landing was required, as a condition of remaining in the country, to sign a paper declaring his adherence to the French intervention, recognizing as the only legitimate government the monarchy proclaimed by the Assembly of Notables, with the Archduke Maximilian as Emperor, and pledging himself to abstain from any political demonstration either by speech or writing, and to conduct himself solely as a private citizen. It was only a few days, however, before an address appeared in a newspaper at Orizaba, signed by Santa Anna, dealing with the political questions of the hour, and setting forth the services which the writer had rendered to Mexico, but counseling, at the same time, a willing obedience to the Empire. As this address was regarded as constituting a violation of the pledge Santa Anna had given not to meddle in any way with public affairs, he was ordered by Marshal Bazaine forthwith to leave Mexico, which he accordingly did, going to St. Thomas, and from there coming to this country in 1866, and taking up his

residence in New Jersey. Here he issued his address to the Mexican people, which many of our readers will remember, offering his services. Several weeks since, believing that the time had come when he could urge his claims to another term of service as Chief Director of Mexican affairs, he left New York in the steamer Virginia, intending to land at Vera Cruz, and, taking advantage of the unsettled state of things in Mexico, to get up a revolution in his own favor. The sequel is soon told. He landed at Vera Cruz on the 4th of June, but was immediately compelled to re-embark, and the Virginia then left for the port of Sisal. On reaching that place he was seized by the Liberals, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot as a traitor to his country, which sentence has, in all probability, been carried into effect.—*Eric Daily Dispatch.*

BENITO JUAREZ.

[In view of the extreme interest attaching to all Mexican news at present, we print an excellent sketch, from the New Orleans Times, of Benito Juarez, the Liberal leader, whose vigor, tenacity and pluck have prevailed against the French, Belgian, and Austrian troops, and achieved the final independence of the Republic of Mexico.]

In the years 1852, 1853, 1854, and 1855, there lived in this city, on Saint Anne street, between Bourbon and Dauphin, a middle-aged, quiet, dark-complexioned, gentlemanly personage, who, either by himself or associates, conducted a small manufactory of cigar-ettes. A very small, select coterie of friends knew the history of this individual, and cultivated his society. His life was that of a student, a close and silent observer of men and events, and his habits were those of great simplicity and reserve. He was a careful reader of the newspapers, and to gratify his curiosity, a frequent visitor at the editorial sanctum of the old *Courier*, on Chartres and Custom-house streets, when it was conducted by that amiable, intelligent, and energetic citizen, Emile La Sere, whom we are happy to meet frequently on our streets, in well preserved vigor and good spirits. There was a cordial intimacy subsisting between Mr. La Sere and his visitor, and in their conversations they always employed the familiar appellations of "Emile" and "Benito."

Mr. La Sere's friend Benito is the same gentleman whom recent, and indeed previous, events have assigned the principal part in the interesting drama now being enacted in Mexico—Don Benito Juarez, President of the Republic of Mexico, and the head of the party and the people who have crushed the scheme of imperializing that long-desolated and unhappy country.

At the time of his quiet sojourn in St. Anne street he was an exile and refugee from his native land, having abandoned it to escape the penalty which the invariable but detestable policy of that people never fails to inflict upon the chief of a defeated or minority party. Attached to the administration of Comonfort, until the downfall of that chief through the intrigues and partisan triumphs of Santa Anna, Juarez had followed the example of many other defeated chiefs, and found an asylum in this country. The time of his sojourn was usefully and industriously employed in the study of our institutions and laws, so that on his return to Mexico he was well prepared to apply to the administration of his own country a mind stored with sound republican ideas and much valuable information.

There is perhaps no Mexican of position now in that country who is better informed in regard to our political and judicial systems than Juarez. He may not be equal in resources, in sagacity, and general accomplishments to Almonte—now in Paris—who was also a long resident of this country and served his time at a mechanical trade in Cincinnati, but in the combination of moral and intellectual qualities, in tenacity of purpose, honesty and purity of personal character and habits, he is unquestionably the first of the public men in Mexico.

Those who conclude from the fact of his being an Indian of pure blood that he must necessarily possess the craft, cruelty and vindictiveness, and savagery which are generally attributed to the aboriginal race, will, we think, on a clearer view of his life and character, find nothing therein to justify their opinion. Indeed, the history of Mexico does not support this idea of the aboriginal character. The best, the most honorable, honest and patriotic of the chiefs who have figured in the long train of bloody revolutions in that country, have sprung from the aboriginal stock, and from Cortez down to Miramon and Marquez, the principal actors in the tragic scenes which have disgraced the country, have been of those who boasted of their Castilian blood.

Juarez is the only pure civilian who has ever been able to maintain himself in power in Mexico during a revolution. He is a lawyer by profession, was elevated to the Chief Justiceship, and by the death of the President succeeded under the Constitution of Mexico, to that position shortly before the beginning of the French intervention. At the expiration of his term as President he held over and was, we believe continued in that office by the popular vote. Through all the trying scenes and sad reverses of the Liberal cause in Mexico, he has remained true, faithful, patient, and hopeful, never despairing of his cause, and encountering all the hardships and perils of an exile from his family and from the far-off scenes of his native sunny home in the extreme southern state of Oaxaca. As a civilian he has managed to secure a moderate degree of harmony among the turbulent chiefs of the Liberal army, and to disarm the jeo'us and fierce rivalry which seem to be chronic among them towards each other.

Benito Juarez' life resembles, in its leading incidents, that of our own President. He was born on the 18th of March, of Tehuantepec, of Indian parents, and managed, when quite a boy, to get some menial employment in a store in the city of Oaxaca. Here he learned to read, and manifesting a great ardor for learning, his liberal and sagacious employer, a wealthy merchant of Oaxaca, sent him to college, where he devoted himself with such assiduity and ambition that he soon became the first scholar in the college and graduated with the highest honors. Returning to Oaxaca, he married the daughter of his employer, and, removing to the city of Mexico, commenced the practice of law, and secured a large and lucrative business.

After some years of great professional success, he finally attained the highest judicial position in the country before he had reached middle age. His after career in public life, into which he was drawn by events, and not by his own will and ambition, is already known to our readers.

Written for the Elk Advocate.

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

BY VIOLET.

A celebrated artist wished to paint a picture of innocence. Long and vainly he sought for a suitable model, and had almost given up his idea, when one day as he was riding through a small village, he beheld a beautiful cottage almost hidden by trees and shrubbery. Seated in front of it upon a grassy knoll was a lovely child—such a vision of beauty as had often flitted through the artist's dreams, but which till now he had never seen. Long, golden curls shaded the fair, pure brow of the infant, and almost rivalled in beauty his eyes of Heaven's own hue. And then his attitude! His sweet-voiced mother was repeating aloud some simple evening prayer, while the child listened with great attention, his tiny hands folded, and his blue eyes raised to Heaven, beseeching more eloquently than if he had uttered the most fervent prayer. The painter's attention was immediately attracted to this scene; he alighted from his horse, and saluting the mother, entered into conversation with her. He praised the rare beauty of the child, and making known his ardent desire, requested permission to paint the child's portrait. This was granted, and the artist chose it as a model for his picture of innocence. In due time the picture was finished and won golden opinions from all, while the artist valued it more than all his former works.

Years after he conceived a desire for painting a picture of guilt, and again he found him in search of a model. To procure one he obtained permission to visit the prisons.

He had almost resolved to give up the search, when he was one day shown a man of the most wretched appearance, a new prisoner. His face wore a fearful aspect; crime was stamped upon every feature; oaths and blasphemies were his language. This man, the painter thought, would be the best model of guilt he could obtain, and he immediately drew the first sketch. While drawing he could not help relating how he painted his picture of innocence, and contrasting it with the picture he was just sketching. The prisoner expressed a wish to see the picture, and the artist promised to bring it the next day.

The painting was brought, and while the wretched man gazed upon the heavenly countenance of the child, his whole frame quivered with some powerful emotion. Tears gushed forth, and fell unheeded. Alas! how long had those saving drops been strangers to his eyes! Long and violently he wept—and, oh, what a dreadful sight it is to see a strong man weep! The artist kindly whispered words of comfort, at last the criminal in a broken voice exclaimed, "I was that child, often has my mother related to me the circumstances. My dear mother. Would that I had listened to her gentle teachings, but, thank God, she never knew the worst, for long has she slept in the peaceful grave."

That sinful heart was completely broken. He entreated the artist to find a minister of God that he might make his peace with Heaven. Oh joyful errand! The minister arrived and administered comfort to the heart of the broken man, who was truly repentant. Scarce was the picture completed when he slept that sleep which knows no waking.

The two pictures now hang side by side in the artist's studio, and no earthly treasure would tempt him to part with them. They are dear to him, not as works of art, but as being the means of bringing a guilty soul to repentance.